

Keep,

Last Number,

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

*With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.*

—Doddridge.

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The Missionary Helper

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Vol. L



The Missionary Helper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

Vol. LXII

DECEMBER 1919

No. 12

*Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where corn fields lie sunny and bright,*

*Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight,
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight,*

*For the Christ-child who comes is the master of all.
No palace too great and no cottage too small.*

—Phillips Brooks.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

This day of December, 1919, brings the last number of our *Missionary Helper*—it brings with it the sadness of farewell and the sacrifice of giving. An inevitable feeling of sorrow and loneliness comes to our readers, whether they were among those who, feeling the need, brought about its first publication, or whether they have never known their homes to be without it. Many a letter of regret has come since the word went out that the *Helper* would no longer be published, but never a word of complaint. How typical is that of the spirit of the *Missionary Helper* and those whom it represents—a sacrifice when need be, but anything and all things for the furtherance of the one great cause! A letter from Mrs. Mary B. Wingate mentions the stand of leadership which has been taken by our women in all movements which make for progress toward final and complete good. Of that attitude and record we may feel at the same time justly proud and humbly responsible. In her "good bye letter" to the *Helper*, Mrs. Burkholder refers with appreciation to the part which the dear little "family letter" has played in the organization and promotion of our missionary enterprises. Then we could not have lived to serve so largely without it. Now because of it we shall still work and pray for the success of its undertaken work. Each time that we think with sadness of the dear little magazine which will come no more, let us think prayerfully and actively of the responsibilities it has left for us. May the *Missionary Helper* leave in our hearts its memory of work well done, its inspiration for a continued and advancing service.

Now comes an appeal toward greater missionary efficiency—the last appeal which our *Helper* can make. Miss Porter has forwarded the letter from Mrs. Murphy, with an assurance of her interest and effort in its behalf. Mrs. Durgin is sure that "anything that will conserve the valuable strength of Mr. and Mrs. Oxreider is worth while," and adds: "I am glad to show my interest to the extent of \$10.00." These days show great opportunities for missions, and the workers are all too few, so that each of our missionaries is attempting to exceed the work standard for one person. Realizing these circumstances, it seems certain that our people here "behind the lines" will

attempt a simple arithmetical problem—how many words of Christian teaching can be said in the moments saved by a trip in the new Ford? All in favor—PAY!

It is fitting that our farewell to our Missionary Helper, our missionary inspiration and reminder, comes at Christmas time, that season when we realize anew the coming of Christ. Our Helper's last message is one of loyalty to what is now as never before our magazine, Missions, our faithfulness to Bengal-Orissa, to Storer, to the entire Baptist field, our recognition in our way of the command "Go ye into all the world." And at the same time we live in the spirit of Christmas so completely that now and throughout the coming years we would unite the whole wide world in our Christian brotherhood, our one great family of God the Father.

CHRISTMAS TIME

HOPESTILL FARNHAM

The day of days has come again,
I feel its peace my heart enfold,
And dreams go flitting through my brain,
In which are woven new and old.

In a stable, rude and lowly,
Backward through the years I see
Mary, mother, sweet and holy,
With the Christ-child on her knee.
In her face his glory shines;
Watchful, mute and wondering,
Half the mystery she divines
Of her baby king.

In the field of heaven appears
A brilliant, beckoning point of light,
While the hearkening shepherd leaps
A rush of wings. From out the night,
Angel voices herald morn—
Thrilling through the waiting years—
"Peace on earth, new life is born
Which shall free from fears."

Radiates all time from this
Day which gave us Christ the Son,
Granting of a promised bliss
Promise of a future one.
Blessed since is motherhood,
Babyhood is glorified,
Human need more understood,
Heaven a dearth allid.

Have we now no gifts for Him,
Neither precious gems nor gold?
Yet the light has not grown dim,
Reckless still as did of old.
Shall we follow fast the star,
Lay our treasures at His feet,
Claim the promise from afar,
Gain a blessing sweet?

As I dream of now and then,
In my heart rings this refrain
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
"Peace"—in joy or pain.

L'ENVOY.

With this issue the Helper passes, the Missionary Helper which we have loved so long. I had almost said "whom," so vital is it, so human, that it seems to us like a benignant personality.

It is to us today, as though the hand of a long trusted friend were slipping from our clasp, so many times our hearts have been stirred, our zeal quickened by its fervent spirit.

The Helper, as all its friends, has missed her, who for many years gave to it the breath of inspiration.

The time of our testing has come and of the Missionary Helper as well. The proof of any friendship or attachment is found in the resulting character of the participants. Are we better women today, because of our relationship to the Helper? More intelligent, more sympathetic, readier to share our gifts with those less favored? If we are not, what is the failure of the Missionary Helper in its mission? If we are, then we will prove it, not alone by cherishing tender memories of our friend, but by espousing with renewed love and vigor the cause of humanity which our friend always championed.

It was no narrow view of "me and mine" that was opened to us, but a vision of world needs and Godlike possibilities, of "a faith as wide as the promises of God."

Lovingly, in the past, our plans have been laid, diligently we have wrought. Loyally, in the future, we will help to carry on the larger work to which we are pledged, earnestly we will work.

All progress comes through change. The test of the education and inspiration of the past is found in the faithful service of the future. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways."

Faithfully yours,

LUCY PHILLIPS DURGIN,

Pres. F. B. W. M. Soc.



IT WILL NOT PASS.**By Mary A. W. Bachelder**

In the Editorial Notes for November 1918, this beautiful quotation from Dr. Babcock was given: "How good it is that though new chapters go on with our life's story and people drop out whom we have loved, and incidents change so that it seems quite like another tale, yet the real plot is spiritual and eternal. The true friendships and affections will all come in again in the next volume. Always to be continued, never to be concluded, are the life and love that are rooted in Jesus Christ." It was most fitting as a farewell note from one about to leave us. It is still most fitting for the last number of our magazine.

The Missionary Helper has had a wonderful part in the growth and accomplishment of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. It has woven into the fabric of character in the lives of many individuals, beautiful threads of unselfishness; given us information of great educational value and spiritual visions of the world's need of a redeeming Christ; kept us close to our missionaries in sympathy and love, and taught us of their work and aspirations. From its inception its representatives have been women of strong character and personality. They have met new situations and solved difficult problems with openmindedness and liberality of spirit. We remember them with loving appreciation. Our missionaries, both men and women, have contributed generously with their pen to make the Helper interesting and valuable. Many of the workers have passed beyond our vision, but the immortality of influence is abiding. It will not pass.

And so it is with the Missionary Helper. It has been a power for good. In doubt and temptation and sorrow it has brought comfort. The sunshine has been brighter when it came; its message of loving service has entered many hearts and made them enthusiastic workers in Christ's kingdom. It has been like a personal letter from one beloved. The time of its usual coming will bring a deep sense of sorrow and loss. We can say with Paul: "So being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of

God only, but also our own souls, because you were dear unto us." It is very dear to us but it, too, will have an immortality of influence. It will not pass.

We must remember that the work remains. Bengal-Orissa and Harper's Ferry have ever growing needs; our love and care for them must be no less. These are days of large things in Christian endeavor; we certainly shall not be slackers because the new paths diverge somewhat from the old. If we submit ourselves to the energizing power of God's love, we can go on unafraid.

Our Missionary Helper will remain in beautiful memories of association with strong, spiritual women; a vision of loving, successful Missionary service; a hope of ever widening opportunity; a faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause for which it has stood.

IT WILL NOT PASS.

A GOOD BYE LETTER.

My dear little Helper,

It has been reported that you are to say good bye and leave us. Is it really true? Is it possible that we shall never see you again? You who came into being when most needed! You who have brought light, cheer and courage to thousands of hearts, when the path before us was hedged in, and dark clouds hovered over our heads. You have for more than 40 years kept the family together, and opened our eyes to look beyond our own borders, helping us to feel the needs of millions who mutely stretched out their hands from across the seas for the bread of life.

You called the Thank Offering into existence, giving us the privilege of returning visible thanks for the unspeakable gifts we enjoyed. But for the impetus you gave us month by month, hundreds of little ones thrown out to die, never would have been gathered into our orphanage and fitted for home makers and workers in those far off lands. Hundreds of Zenanas, barred and bolted to the outside world, never would have opened their doors to the heavenly light. Harper's Ferry with its finely equipped institution, would never have

been what it now is but for the appeals you sent us from time to time. Your call for help in our time of great need, which thrilled the hearts of the whole family from Maine to Texas, made it possible to send Miss Daniels and Mrs. Holder with dear little baby Doris in her arms, to strengthen the depleted force in India, even though the terrible world war was raging, and the cruel U-boats were sending hundreds of lives to the bottom of the sea.

Yes, all this was made possible because you lived. Sinclair Orphanage with its scores of little brownies, the kindergarten housed in their beautiful building in Balasore, the inmates of the Zenanas in all of our stations will rise up and call you blessed, while the jewels gathered from the Santal jungle will join in the chorus of praise. The half has not been told. Your departure from our homes appears to be inevitable, but those of us who have known and watched over you from your infancy to noble womanhood can never, never forget you. Your influence will still live to inspire the younger members of our scattered family, to attempt yet greater deeds of love for the Master. Faith and Works have won and will continue to win in the years to come.

Good bye then, dear, beloved Helper. May the Master of the vineyard ever watch over the work you helped us to accomplish.

Again, Good bye.

JULIA PHILLIPS BURKHOLDER.

A REQUEST.

From the Missionary Helper Library there are missing the bound volumes of the Helper for 1880, 1881 and 1882. Any information regarding them will be gratefully received by Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, Ocean Park, Maine.

If anyone has the May-June and the July-August numbers of the Missionary Helper for 1881 and does not wish to keep them, please send them to Mrs. M. A. W. Bachelder, Ocean Park, Maine.

THE LIFE STORY OF REV. SACHIDANANDA RAI.**By L. C. Coombs.**

Away back in 1860 a Brahmin couple living in the northwest of India, who had been greatly disappointed that their first child was a girl, were made very happy when the next child proved to be a boy, and they named him Sachidananda, which means "always joyful." They afterwards moved to Bengal. The father was in the employ of the British Government as a Police Inspector. They settled in a small village called Dainmari in a farming community, and as there was no school there, Sachi (as he was called for short) was sent to a boys' school at Naranjangarh, about four miles away, a police outpost on the great Jaganath Road. This little eight-year-old boy used to go trudging off on Monday morning and stay until Friday night, his father being at Naranjanath much of the time.

One day Sachi was greatly interested in some tents which were pitched near by, and with boyish curiosity was drawn to see why they were there. He found men with books to sell and tracts to give away, and a white man whose business it seemed to be to preach some new religion in which idols had no place; and when he said, "The idols cannot help themselves; how can they help others?" this stayed in the boy's mind. He bought a little book called "Peep of Day" and the white man (who was Dr. James Phillips) wrote Sachi's name and his own in it. He ran away from school one whole day, to stay at the tents and hear more of what the preachers had to say. And the preacher told him to keep these words in mind.

After a few years he had studied as far as he could be taught in the village school, and a higher grade of school was sought for the ambitious boy by his ambitious father. A High School had then been opened in Midnapore under the direction of the Church of England, which was called the Mission High School, and here Sachi was placed. Twice a week a class in Bible study was held, and something of a knowledge of Christ was brought to him. He greatly prized his "Peep of Day" and as it was in simple language read it often and could understand it.

At this time his mind was full of questionings, and he at last de-

cided he could no longer be an idolater. In the Bible lessons in school the story of Christ's life and death greatly appealed to him, and his own sinfulness became a heavy burden. In going about Midnapore he came upon the preachers' stand where each evening Dr. Bachelier and his helpers preached to those whom they could gather together, and Sachi stood to listen. One expression which he heard stayed with him—"Here is a river of water. Why do you burn in the fire?" And he longed for relief from the fire of his conscience. He was then a young man with many temptations all about him, but he longed for truth and purity. He read many books and had conversation with learned men, but found no peace.

Here we will quote from his own words written in regard to himself at that time: "I became more and more convicted of sin, and in my distress thought I would become a hermit. But I cried out, 'If there is a true God, hear me, save me, take away this great burden.' Then it seemed as if someone said, 'Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden,' and I remembered that was in the Bible and thought, 'Is it true that Jesus Christ is the Anointed Savior?' And I said, 'If you are truly the Savior, then take away this unbearable load of sin' and at once there came wonderful deliverance and peace." At that time he decided to be a Christian and was very happy.

In the Mission High School was a Christian schoolmate from the Free Baptist Christian community, who took Sachi home with him one day and called at Dr. Bachelier's. There he again saw the preacher whom he had seen at the tent in Naranjangarh, and the preacher knew him and advised him to become a Christian at once.

Sachi's own heart drew him to publicly acknowledge by baptism his conviction of Christ's power to save, but the obstacles in his way seemed unsurmountable and he delayed. Before he graduated from the High School it seemed necessary for him to help the family by earning something in outside employment. So he left school and got work with a company in getting out timber near Jhargram.

About this time his father was accused of some fault by a brother officer, and whether true or false the case went against him and he was condemned to seven years in jail in Midnapore.

At once Sachi saw in this his opportunity to become a Christian, and came to Midnapore and introduced himself to Dr. Phillips by his

precious "Peep of Day" with his own and Dr. Phillips' name written in it; and he asked to be baptized. His own life history, his clear conviction of sin and its release from its burden, backed up by the testimony of the preacher who had first met him in the tent and subsequently in the Christian community, convinced Dr. Phillips that he was a worthy subject and he baptized him at once.

This was in 1880 and the Bible School of which Dr. Phillips was then principal had been opened only a few months. He recognized Sachi as a very promising youth, and urged him to become a pupil there, which he did, and soon he began to show the qualities which afterwards made him such a power for Christ. During the cold season the Bible School closed, and the students went out in bands to do Evangelistic work in outside villages. Sachi took a band to his village, Dainmari, and their message was so convincing that his mother, sister, and her husband, the younger brother, and several of the neighbors became Christians, were baptized, and a little church was formed.

After graduating from the Bible School he gave himself to Evangelistic work, and always gave his testimony with such an unwavering conviction of his own salvation that like Stephen of old "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spoke." The fact of his having been a Brahmin before he became a Christian aroused the curiosity of his hearers and held their attention from the very first, and then they were held by his compelling and convicting arguments.

The church in Midnapore often had him preach for them, and in 1887 asked for his ordination which was granted—Dr. Bachelier, Dr. Burkholder, Rev. Mr. George and Rev. Jacob Mishra officiating. During these years he once attended some meetings at Lucknow which are held each year and are designated as "Meetings for the Deepening of Spiritual Life." At this time he received new visions of the relationship possible between Christ and the individual soul, which lifted him to a higher plane and changed his life from then on. His interest in young men and his influence over them was marked. He delighted in personal conversations and his advice was often sought by both Hindu and Christian young men. His ideals were always high and attracted those who were aiming for a life free from sin.

While Sachi's father was in Midnapore jail, he used often to visit him, and although at first he was greatly grieved to hear that his son had become a Christian, he came to look forward to his visits and enjoy the talks with him, and we began to hope he would become a Christian on his release. At that time he came to Sachi's house and seemed to enjoy intercourse with him and his family; but soon he wanted to go back to Dainmari, to the home of his early married life. In a short time he sickened and died there, and his old neighbors disposed of the body according to Hindu rites.

In 1895 the Balasore church called Sachi to work with them, and he and his family moved there and served them five years; but his health was so constantly poor that it seemed cruel to hold him in such continual suffering, and the Midnapore church very gladly recalled him. He returned in 1900, and remained pastor of the church until the time of his death in 1912. At the same time he was a teacher in the Bible School.

We have a memorial to our brother in what is known as the "Sachidananda Rai Mela" which is a kind of annual festival held at Santipore. There had been a gathering there a few times where outside speakers had been invited and bands of musicians had prepared new music, and special meetings were held. Sachi had felt that there was a need in our Christian communities of some getting together of our rising generation, both for special teaching and for inspirational work. At one of the meetings held at Santipore he spoke of a vision he had had of crowds and crowds of people coming from all quarters of the country. From that he, in consultation with others of the elder ones, decided to attempt a Christian Mela as Hindus have Melas in their communities, and now for the last seven or eight years it has been very successfully carried on, and the "crowds and crowds" of Sachi's vision have materialized.

Sachi was chosen to be a member of our "Mission Conference," and his judgment was often relied on in settling questions connected with our work and workers.

For the last four or five years of his life he kept notebooks or a kind of diary of his work in Midnapore and the activities of the church. It seems almost sacrilegious to cull from them for the public eye, but they show his growth in personal acquaintanceship with his

Lord and his constant anxiety for the welfare of the individuals of the community. He had lists of young men for whom he prayed and objects for which his daily prayers were offered. His words of comment by the young men's names show how he watched over them—"hopeful," "much improved," "all right," "returning—help him Lord," "blessed," coming." He often speaks of "walking in the field for meditation" and although there are many references to ills of the body, yet very seldom does he fail to visit some section of the church or hold a meeting as appointed or have conversations with Hindu friends.

One little incident which he mentions shows his nature. He says, "Mind little restless because of a poor Eurasian to whom I did not give anything. I prayed the Lord that He would show me that man again. I found him and gave him a little." He tells of an occurrence at one of the Quarterly Meetings of which we had heard by others. He says, "This evening I took a walk with Siba and Umesh towards the field and we prayed together. While praying the three of us had a vision of the Crucified One. Oh! the power of which shocked me for four or five hours. Siba the same, and the dear Lord touched the whole congregation that night. Next morning after service, then communion. Oh! it was a most wonderful time. The presence of the Crucified Lord was felt by all and with tears and crying the cup and bread were taken. Praise the Lord. The evening service turned to a confession service and many hearts were opened. This was the Lord's doing and marvelous in our sight."

One entry is "The dear Lord has shown me something from the Bible yesterday about my pastoral work. He has taught me some new lessons today praise His name." Another time after recording a trial through which he has passed he says, "Praise the Lord struggling is over. Lord Jesus proclaimed peace. Lord Jesus give more yielding, more faith. Let my eyes be shut to the world and my ears too. Never mind what people will say but what my Lord says." One entry says, "Preached but no power. Lord seemed to hide His face. Oh! it is deathlike to lose His presence." Later he says, "The Lord is with me with a power these few days. Praise His name. Oh! Father humble to dust, wash me from self. Be Thou myself in me."

The last entry in his diary is 16th September, 1912, in which he

says, "Morning, came home—noon, office work, study." He refers to the Quarterly Meeting at Bhimpore from which he had returned that day. He was not well, and so was not able to take part on the programme, but attended several of the services and had special conversations with some of the preachers. After his return his suffering increased. All efforts were fruitless, and he passed away on the eighteenth of September.

Sachi's place in the Midnapore church has never been filled, although substitutes have served for longer or shorter periods.

Some time after his death someone suggested placing a marble tablet in the church to his memory, and the suggestion was eagerly taken up, and the money soon provided by the missionaries and the Christian people. In the eastern wall of the auditorium was placed a tablet with the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. Sachidananda Rai, born 1860, converted 1880, died 1912. Zealous and efficient Evangelist, Faithful and loving Pastor, Devoted servant of Christ. 'I will see you again.' (John 16:22)" The tablet was unveiled by his eldest daughter, and a most impressive memorial service was held at that time.

AN APPEAL FROM MRS. MURPHY.

These are the days of "last words" through the Helper, our dear old Helper indeed. There are hundreds more like me, all wanting a last word!

This month completes one year of our furlough—we have been on the wing the whole time. The first four months were spent in the South, and since March we both have been traveling in the Western states.—Twice to Denver and quite to the coast; in July ten days at Estes Park, Colorado, "the Northfield of the West." Now we are settling down for a few months of home life.

We were among those privileged to attend the Northern Baptist Convention. It was a great uplift, and to have the opportunity to meet with that splendid body of nearly sixty new outgoing recruits for the foreign fields was one of the greatest causes for high tide thanksgiving yet experienced.

I hope the names with brief introductions of those going to Bengal-Orissa will appear in the Helper. There may not be the same opportunity to bring them before the "old constituency" again—but right here let me say that I for one certainly hope there will very soon be a "News Letter," or "Bulletin" published from our mission field. "Missions" is the finest magazine published, but it needs to be supplemented with more of the personal touch between the friends at home and the missionary on the field. Several other missions put out these small publications and they are procurable thru the Baptist Publication Society, at about 25c per year.

Now dear Helpers all, I want to briefly present to you an urgent need, and I especially feel the importance of the opportunity, thru the medium of the Helper as it makes its last visits.

Many of you have heard Mrs. Burkholder tell in person of the work of Bhimpore, so near her heart. All have read her letters to the Helper, and have come to know and love the work there, and rejoice in its great growth and progress. Mrs. Burkholder lived thru the days of beginnings, and made many trips by bullock cart,—for years the one and only means of transit. I am sure it helped her to realize that old ways give place to better ways, when, on her last visit to this place of her love, she was whisked out and back on the comfortable motor side chair,—the great joy and comfort of Dr. Murphy; I, too, confess the great help it was to us. Since our leaving, the Oxreiders are at Bhimpore. Mr. Oxreider has dreams of a Ford car. Now listen; I just feel that the dear old Helpers and their friends can, and would be glad to make that dream come true!

I can just see him as he used to come into Midnapore last year, arriving about 6 a. m., scarcely taking time to eat a hurried "little breakfast." He had so many things to do, buying for the children in the bazar, school affairs to be attended to at the Inspector's office, bills to be cashed, and what not. Often a mad rush for the 7 a. m. train (then no breakfast)—a big day in Calcutta, back at 10 p. m., and right off for an all night ride to Bhimpore. In hottest weather or coldest, or during the rains—it had to be done. The Board has magnificently voted to appropriate money to double the school plant at Bhimpore, raising it to a high school,—for long ago the work has outgrown the one-man-and-wife stage,—and another house is to be built

as soon as it can be done. All this building is going to make just double the present work, and there will be continual need for business trips to Midnapore, and Mr. Oxreider will simply wear himself out by the cart method!

Now does not the Helper reach fifty "standbys" for this work which they have so long supported? These with ten dollars each, and two with fifty each, will make that Ford possible! It can't be sent too quickly! Hot weather begins in March.

Please send money to Miss Edyth Porter. She will see it thru—and God bless you!

EMMA G. MURPHY,

803 N 27th St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

IN MEMORIAM

When God calls home the dear ones whom we love
 To dwell with Him in perfect peace above,
 We cannot feel that He has loosed the tie
 Which bound our human hearts on earth; so I
 Find comfort in the thought that they may be
 My guardian angels, keeping watch o'er me.
 For sometimes when my heart and I need cheer,
 These loved ones seem to hover very near.
 I almost feel the touch of each dear hand
 Upon my own, to help me understand
 I still am theirs and they are mine, e'en though
 They dwell in heaven, I on earth below.
 No broken ties, but just a veil between
 My earthly vision and that world unseen!
 A little time to wait while loved ones there
 Keep tender watch o'er me, till I may share
 Their perfect peace and God's most perfect love,
 Known unto those who dwell with Him above.

—MARY D. BRINE, in *The Christian Endeavor World*.

Mrs. Rosa B. Smith, South Berwick, Maine, July 10, 1919.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

Balasore letters just at hand cause us to center our across-the-water thought on this Station this month. Present-day word is mixed with information of the past,—culled from letters, leaflets, etc.

In these, Mrs. Dennet, Miss Coe and Dr. Bacheler share largely. For some of you this information is not as necessary, as for new friends of the work.

Beginnings Balasore.

What is termed chance often proves to be but God's leading to opportunity.—“A young Sunday School teacher, a poor seamstress, gave a rough street Arab a shilling, one Sunday, to induce him to go to Sunday School. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, and went as missionary for the English Baptist Mission Society to Orissa, India. After some years of faithful work he was sent to Balasore. He made earnest appeal to the Free Baptists of America to join in the work, and in 1838 our first missionaries, Rev. Jeremiah Phillips and Rev. E. Noyes, were stationed in Balasore, and Balasore District was made over to us.”

Kindergarten Hall.

At Balasore in 1896 our first Kindergarten was opened by Miss Bebee Phillips (now Mrs. Howells), who went to India specially trained for that work, was succeeded by Miss Bromvitsch, and later by Miss Sadie Gowan, “who possesses a rare devotion of purpose to her chosen work.” “The Kindergarten system offers endless opportunities for checking the evil and drawing out the good, in every child brought under its influence.

“In India, add to this fact that it is particularly adapted to teaching the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as opposed to the hoary system of caste, with its countless dividing walls between man and man; and again that it teaches one God, a God of infinite love and purity, as opposed to a pantheon of deities, to not one of whom is either love or purity ascribed, and the value of the Kindergarten is evident.”

Widow's Home.

“That the widow class is an important one in the Christian community, one worthy of special care is demonstrated by the fact that so

great and good a man as Stephen was placed 'in charge of widows.' If this be true in Palestine 1900 years ago, how much more so in the 20th century in India, where the need is so great, and when Christian ethics are more highly developed. We all know that in no other country in the world, is the number of widows so great in proportion to the population, or their condition so miserable as in India.

"It was the pathos of these conditions that touched the heart of Mrs. Dorcas Smith, then Superintendent of Sinclair Orphanage, and led to her exertions for the institution of a widow's home. This Home with compounds adjoins—really is part of the Sinclair Orphanage compound. The Superintendent's home is a pillared, one-story, flat-roofed bungalow, white outside and in, as are nearly all of our Mission buildings. The dormitories are close about it on the sunset side. The group of buildings are partially hidden in the midst of a wealth of flowering tropical trees."

Just now there are "twenty in the Home, and more room is very much needed, with no special prospect of lessening numbers, but probability of increase. * * * * * Here a woman may remain for a considerable time, but quite as probably for only a few weeks, or months. * * * * * The shelter afforded by this institution is to tide over a period of abandonment, of danger, of illness, until a manner of respectable support can be found, and a position provided. Between these positions the once-resident is likely to return to the Home for shelter."

"Sita, however, is "an old time resident." Have you heard her story? She is spoken of as 'shrewd, capable and loving.' She was sent from Chanbali by Dr. Coldron, because wandering about half crazed by the death of her daughter. * * * * * She must have good stock in her, else where could she have gotten her industry, cleanliness and general capability? * * * She often reproaches the others for dirt in their houses, for neglect of their children, and marshals them to work as if the responsibility of things in general rested upon her shoulders. * * * * *

"It is an interesting picture to see one of our women with earthen jar on her hip going to the well to draw the water for her day's drinking and cooking, or beating out on the rocks by the tanks her week's washing, or, one, with her foot on the dinky and another with

her hand at the pit, husking the dhan (rice), to eat or sell. With her nude baby astride her hip, the mother-widow goes about the compound happy in the freedom of safety.

"Gratifying it is to know and feel that this home provides the means for saving a number of lives from dire physical suffering, and a sin of soul that is worse than death of body."

Sinclair Orphanage

We all doubtless know that "the establishment of Sinclair Orphanage at Balasore represents the third period of our F. B. W. M. S. work for the orphan girls of Bengal-Orissa," and that it came about through the effort of Mrs. Dorcas Smith. "The old English residence, with its pillared verandah, makes a palatial looking and enjoyable home for the lady missionaries."

We never have a letter from Dr. Mary Bacheler, whose every word breathes love, and every act shows understanding watch-care, but that we wish the letter were addressed to you each personally. And you know how largely these same qualities have shone forth in the ministry of her predecessors.

No usual task is this "mothering" of "the Boarding" group; and the unusual qualities it calls for have found expression in the work of each Superintendent in turn, in a strong, individual way.—Miss Lavina Crawford, the first, Mrs. Dorcas Smith, Miss Gaunce, Miss E. E. Barnes, Miss Amy Coe and Dr. Mary Bacheler.

Dr. Mary has just written of a "trip with magic lantern" to Bhudruck: "We decided to take 'Sister' (S. O. Matron) along, and Mary-I, Gladys and Della to sing for the magic lantern pictures, so we were a party of six, as Lena (supported by the Scarboro ladies) we were taking to see her people. * * * The day we got there we sent messages to them and soon her mother and old grandmother, a little sister, and a weak minded brother, and a boy cousin came to the mission house. Of course they wept over Lena. Lena did not say much at first, and then she astonished us by speaking right out of her heart—'You must not think,' she said, 'that because I am now in the Christian religion, I forget you. I do not forget you, but I will never go to your religion. You can come with me, believe on the Lord Jesus and become Christians, then I can go to your house and we can see each other.' I never heard the dear child take such a decided

stand,—they all begged for her to go with them, and eat something with them, but I gave no hope that that would ever be. Afterward, Rojoni told me he had had a talk with the leading Mohammedan of that village about Lena, and the man said if they could get hold of her they only needed to say some Koran over her and she would become a Mohammedan, and then they would marry her to some low-down man. * * * She would not marry anyone worth much, on account of having lived among the Christians so many years. Lena was looking pretty well, and with her clean clothes, smooth, fine skin and nicely combed hair, she looked a higher grade of humanity than her people. I went inside to do some accounts I had brought, and presently Lena came and asked me if I would give her some pice. I asked, 'Why?' She said, 'To get something to eat.' I had already asked Sister if it was not the proper thing to offer them something, and at her suggestion had sent out 8 annas, and presently a leaf bundle came, containing delectable lucheas, such as Balasore never produces, and some other sweets. Lena gave them, but the women said they would not eat anything so publicly,—would take them home.

Our garries came early, and we were getting loaded up when Lena's mother begged us to wait a little, as the 'Bo' was on the way in a dooly. So we waited, and presently a dooly, closely curtained, came swinging in, carried by two men, and when Lena's mother gave the word, and opened up the enclosing cloth, a fair, pretty, young face looked out with startled eyes, and jumping out and pulling the saree over her head, ran to the refuge of the veranda, where all gathered around her. Pretty? Yes, pretty, fairer than Lena, but not nearly so intelligent looking. Lena talked with her a little and then we came away. When we started, the 'Bo' in the dooly, and the rest of the party accompanied us as far as the road, turning off to the Mussleman village." ('Bo'—sister.)

Bible Women and Zenana Teachers.

Many of you can call our native workers, many of them, by name, for you have been definitely interested in their work, which your gifts have made possible. Speaking of Bible Woman's work, Miss Coe says: "A Bible Woman goes out each day to tell the Gospel story, wherever she has opportunity. In the cold season she often goes with a Missionary, out in a town, in the country, reaching women in dis-

tant villages, who seldom, if ever, have heard a word about Christ. She visits Markets and Jatras (religious festivals), and preaches when she finds an audience, though her message is chiefly to the women in the homes. The rest of the year she visits villages near her home. * * * *

The work is much more public than that of the Zenana Teacher who goes only to her own pupils, who are expecting her, and have a measurably secluded place for the lesson. * * * *

Touring season work? This is not gliding over smooth roads in an automobile, and stopping at good hotels for rest. Ah, no! It is plodding along rough ways in bullock carts with Bible picture tracts, gathering the people on verandas, under the trees, in the market places, anywhere the glad message may be told."

Speaking of the great need of more missionaries, Dr. Mary Bachelier says: "Amy Porter has Kindergarten, Middle, Lower and Upper Primary, and Middle Vernacular girls' schools, the Bible Women and Zenana work here at Balasore, outside work, etc. We very much need three girls for S. O., two for Midnapore and one for Khargapore.

* * * * * Exclaiming at high prices, she adds: 'Just paid Rs 17-13 for a very small lot of medicine I sent to Calcutta for!' * * * * *

On her way home from her vacation, Sept. 24th, she says: 'Had a most delightful fortnight with the Brownes at Khargapore, closing last night with a big concert given by the Khargapore Kindergarten. Baby Phil is a very dear boy,—very well.' "

As our little HELPER,—our "Guide Rope," slips from our hands, shall not our feeling of dismay give place to one of deep gratitude,—gratitude for the enlarging of our ministry, through its ministry to us; for the circle of friendship of which it has been the center; for the joy and satisfaction which cluster about the association of the years; for the work, which has been and still is, ours to do; for the larger work of which we are now a part; and for our realization of the growing at-one-ness of Christ's church at large?

It, in the coming days, we can be the medium of information or service, please let us know in what way.

It is from Mrs. Whitcomb we borrow our closing HELPER, and NEW YEAR thought for you each.

"Peace and Good Will to you—today, and all the days! May the Christ Love enfold you, and may the NEW YEAR be rich in joy-

ful service, courage, conquest, and the daily learning of the
'Present Tenses of the Blessed Life.' "

With love, strengthened by our years of service together,

EDYTH R. PORTER,

47 Andover Street, Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES.

These are the last notes I shall write for the Helper. I believe it is Longfellow who in using in one of his prose works that expression, "the last time," follows it with this remark, "how majestically mournful sound those words, like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines." But somewhere else he counsels us to "look not mournfully into the past" because "it is gone forever," but "to wisely improve the present which is ours, and to go forth to meet the future with a manly heart." That is the spirit in which I wish to write these last notes of mine, and in which I urge you to read this last number of the Helper.

Many of our readers are writing us of their grief at the news that the Helper will not longer continue, and are asking if something cannot be done to save it. We do not know of anything. The editor of the Baptist missionary publication MISSIONS has shown himself most courteous and sympathetic. He will take over our unexpired subscriptions, and with him the agents will make their own arrangements for securing subscribers and collecting subscriptions. He is eager to incorporate into MISSIONS matter of real personal interest to the Helper constituency, and he requests me to urge those who have written for the Helper to continue and send the same kind of material to MISSIONS. Whether MISSIONS shall meet the need of the Helper readers will be in quite a measure determined by their own attitude and their own contributions to the other publication.

We pass over to MISSIONS for January a subscription list of a little less than 2200. Let each Helper subscription mean a subscription for MISSIONS.

With cordial greeting,

A. M. MOSHER.

Our Quiet Hour

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!

—Robert Browning.

We do not find Jesus giving reasons for loving God. In any case it would not be in keeping with his method to do so, and it is plain also that to his own heart there was no need of argument or illustration to justify this great first love. To him the love was as natural as life. Nevertheless he did imply a reason for loving God, and by implying commended it to us. It is a reason that comes from him with ineffable sweetness. In his clear call to love God it is implied that God is lovable. The loveliness of God, which is a primary fact for successful moral and religious life in man, is as truly proclaimed by Jesus as if he had put it into words. "Love God," he says in substance: "you can. Do not be afraid to commit yourself to love toward him with all your heart and soul and might, for he is lovable to the uttermost, and you will find him so. He will not disappoint you." By calling us to love God utterly, Jesus pledges to us his word, of honor, as it were, that we shall find Him able to win our love, and worthy of it forever."

I wish we could see just what Jesus himself was thinking of when he spoke of love to God, but that would imply vision into his own soul. If we could discern what his own love was, we might see more clearly what kind of affection on our part would fill out the meaning of the law. There are various types of love, corresponding partly to differ-

ences in temperament, and the Christian love to God has been conceived in many ways by Christian people. Aside from differences in temperament, various conditions of life and varieties of religious thought have led to different experiences of this love, and different expositions of it. Sometimes the Christian love to God is a grateful response to divine grace; sometimes a meditative joy, an admiring approval of character and adoration of the perfect One; sometimes a silent and mystical affection, trembling and rapturous; sometimes a longing that knows no rest for deeper acquaintance and better fellowship; sometimes an enthusiastic devotion to the holy will of God; and sometimes these various types of love are blended, in any and all proportions. Perhaps love to God has oftenest been regarded mainly as a matter of inward life, a feeling and a sentiment of the soul—for is not love naturally a function of the hidden man of the heart? This accords with the spirit of Jesus, if it only be taken as a part of and not as the whole. If we look to Jesus himself for illustration of love to God, we learn that it is far from being entirely an inward grace. It is also an active outward and outgoing affection. Love delights not only in God, but in all that God delights in. It takes hold not only upon his beauty but upon his will. To love God is to love what God loves, and so to love it as to be it and do it. This is how Jesus loved him,—not emotionally alone or meditatively, or approvingly, or rapturously, though he must have loved in all these ways, but with eager consecration of himself to God's uses. "Lo, I come, to do thy will, O God," is the true utterance of love. Love to God makes a worker with God: Jesus is witness. Love is at once a practical force and a mystical and delicious secret, and is not the less the one for being the other. But in the summons of Jesus, if we may judge from his own example, the main idea is that love shall enlist the soul with God, **all divine endeavor.**

—WILLIAM NEWTON CLARK,

The Ideal of Jesus pp. 120—125.



Since Thou must use mere human hands like mine,
And they may spoil the work Thou wished to do,
I pray Thee for a heart with thoughts like Thine:
That hands like these may help Thy will come true.

—Selected.

NEWS FROM BENGAL-ORISSA.

By Mabel R. Long.

On our way home from our month in Chandipore we attended the Quarterly Conference of Bengali and Santal workers in Contai. That sounds easy when put on paper, but the ride of thirty-six miles out by camelcart and back by oxcart was—well, interesting. We ran across the monsoon, camels that wouldn't go, the monsoon again, bad roads, monsoon again, and finally Contai, nine hours after we were scheduled to arrive. O—but the dry house did look and feel good to us, and we surely did justice to the first warm meal of the day at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Naturally under these conditions we hadn't a full attendance at the Conference. After we had made the round trip we understood why there were only five delegates present, and I suppose the Indian people understood beforehand. We were warmly greeted by the Contai Christians, and made welcome in the Mission bungalow now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Sirkar while Mr. and Mrs. Howard are home on furlough. There was a very good spirit in the meetings, and we enjoyed what we could hear. We had such a deafening fall of rain on the corrugated iron roof of the church at the first session that I'm sure that I couldn't have understood English. On Sunday evening we listened to the music of a new convert who promises to be very helpful in evangelistic work. Although he had been baptized only a month before, he had learned to sing some of the Christian hymns very nicely, and accompanied himself on the violin. Mr. Sirkar thinks that he will be a fine worker on the streets and in the bazaars with his remarkable talent for music, and with his high ideals and clean life to attract men to Christ.

In Midnapore we are busy building a new home for the head mistress of the Girls' School, and carrying on the work of the schools. The Bible School and the Training School for Girls reopened early in June. We have had some inspiring meetings conducted by a brother in the C. M. S. Mission, the Reverend Rachal Biswas, and we feel that his presence and addresses were an uplift not only to the students but to the whole Christian community.

On July third the Mission held its semi-annual conference in

Khargpur, and practically the whole staff were present. We had a very full day, and had to continue the business sessions till two o'clock on the glorious Fourth. Perhaps it would be of interest to many that in the matter of famine relief we decided not to grant a general allowance to our workers but to set aside a certain amount to be apportioned to those in extreme need. On the afternoon of the Fourth we celebrated by driving out to a nearby dhak bungalow where we had an impromptu program of fun and frolic, a British version of the Declaration of Independence, and a real American picnic supper ending properly with ice-cream.

Midnapore, Bengal, July 9, 1919.

OUR SCHOOLS AT BALASORE.

By Amy Porter.

The Christian schools, that is, the Kindergarten and Middle Vernacular Girls' Schools are doing well. They are the pride of my heart. I believe that the quality of the work done is steadily improving. Some very good teachers have been developed from among those girls whom we have been sending to training the last few years. The new building is nearing completion, and within a few months I hope to move the upper grades out of those leaky, saggy old buildings into the fine new quarters.

Kamilini Chattegee has been translating books from Bengali into Oriya this year. She has already translated Mrs. Burkholder's two books of Bible study which we use in our schools; also Miss Marsden's "The Call of the King," the story of an Indian who first answers the call of his nation's king and then of God. Now she is at work on the story of Pundita Ramabai. She was loth to leave school work for this new undertaking, but I believe her year will prove profitable.

JELLASORE.**By E. E. Barnes.**

The women's work in and around Jellasore has gone on regularly through the past year. Five days a week three Bible women and two zenana teachers go out to work. Last year we had forty-seven zenana pupils, not a bad number for a country place like this. Not all of them read the whole year, but at Christmas time all received some little gift. One of our dear Hindu pupils has lately died, after a long illness. She had received much Christian teaching, a bright young woman, and we believe she trusted Jesus for her salvation. We rejoice in the privilege of taking the message of Christ and His redeeming love to our pupils. They are all taught Bible stories, texts and hymns.

We believe there are many secret believers in the villages where the Bible women work, and we long for the time when they will have the courage to openly confess Jesus.

Last cold season, as usual, we were out in tents working in distant villages. One young Brahmin purchased a Bible and we have heard since that he and his wife are reading it. Hundreds of tracts were distributed, two prepared by our dear Mrs. Burkholder. We also had magic lantern services showing the pictures of the life of Christ, and many gathered to see them, and to hear the beautiful story. If only the cold seasons were longer, we could do so much more! It is always sad to have to pass by so many villages and know that there is no one to speak to the people of Christ. So we sell as many books as we can, knowing they will go where we cannot.

My women did well in the annual Bible examination. Four of the six in my class received prizes. Three Jellasore young women are in their second year in the Bible Training School at Midnapore.

Our church has an earnest young pastor who preaches excellent sermons. Four have been baptized during the year, two from Hinduism and two from the Christian village. Our Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Society are prospering and the day schools are going on as usual.

We are much interested in the new roof that is being made on

our church. Friends of Jellasore far and near have been kind and given 103 rupees (\$34.33) towards it.

There are many things that take time, patience, and strength that one does not feel like putting on paper, but they are a very real part of life here. Sometimes it is helping to settle quarrels, looking after the sick, helping to get to Balasore Hospital both Christians and Hindus, waiting on beggars, and being "Mamma" in general to many, and especially to my own native family of four little girls. Dena, Retta, Echa, and Sukha. To all who help us by prayer and interest, our grateful thanks and kindest greetings are offered.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing," but "as we have opportunity let us work that which is good toward all men."

NOTICE.

Please note change in sending forward gifts for the work of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society:

As each state now has its own Collecting Agency, please send your contributions that are to apply on your Church Budget to the respective State Secretary's offices, but ALL INDIVIDUAL GIFTS for our Society and ALL JUBILEE GIFTS to our Jubilee Fund (for New England) to Miss Hilda L. Olson, Treas., 18 Creighton street, Providence, R. I.

Send no individual gifts for W. A. B. F. M. S. to the agent, as your Woman's Society still retains its own District Treasurer.

HILDA L. OLSON, Treasurer.

W. A. B. H. M. Society, Rev. Wm. A. Hill, former N. E. District Secretary, writes: The District Secretary's office has now been discontinued in New England, and the gifts from the churches now go to the respective State Secretary's offices as follows:

Maine—Rev. I. B. Mower, Waterville, Me.

New Hampshire—Rev. D. S. Jenks, Franklin, N. H.

Vermont—Rev. W. A. Davison, D. D., Burlington, Vt.

Massachusetts—Rev. O. J. White, D. D., 708 Ford Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Rhode Island—Rev. B. T. Livingston, 405 Butler Exchange, Providence, R. I.

Connecticut—Rev. A. B. Coats, D. D., 647 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

Juniors

AN OLD STORY

Once upon a time there was a king of India who felt that he was a very great monarch indeed; but he feared that his people did not sufficiently realize his greatness, and tried to think of some way in which he could bring himself more prominently before them

Like a great many people who live today, he thought there was nothing that attracted so much attention as a great noise. So, after pondering on the matter for some time, he called his ministers of state together.

"I desire," he said, "that a great drum be made; I want it so large that when struck the sound of it may be heard ten leagues from the palace."

The ministers felt sure that such a drum could not be made; but each man was afraid if he spoke alone, so at last they all spoke together, saying:

"Sire, such a thing is impossible."

"Why can't it be done?" cried the king, angry at once. "It must be done, if I say so."

Happily for the frightened ministers an officer of high rank entered at that moment. When the matter was explained to him, he said at once: "Sire, I will undertake to make a drum which will be heard, not only ten leagues from the royal palace, but from one end of the kingdom to the other. But it will cost a great deal."

The delighted king replied: "I will open my treasury for thee. Take all my wealth. I will give it gladly."

So the king gave this officer all his treasures, and awaited results.

And the treasures were taken to the gateway of the palace and sold for a very large sum of money.

This done, the officer had his proclamation issued throughout the

whole empire: "Today his majesty dispenses favors. Full of affection for his people he desires to relieve the poor and suffering of his empire. Let all the unfortunate gather at the palace gate."

The poor at once set forth from every corner of the empire each one carrying an empty sack.

They filled the towns through which they passed to overflowing, and the highway was ever thronged with a moving mass of people, all hastening toward the palace gates.

The thought of the riches they were to have filled the minds of all that they could think of nothing else, save that, once in a while, a little feeling of gratitude would creep in toward the king.

The little feeling of gratitude grew stronger and deeper as the days, weeks, and months went by, and life became so much easier and more comfortable to them, until at last it grew so strong that it resembled a feeling of worship for the monarch who had so relieved their burdens.

In about a year the king asked the officer for the drum. "It is completed sire."

"I have not heard the beat of the drum."

"Nay, sire, but if your majesty will deign to visit the interior of your kingdom, you will hear the voice of the drum. It resounds, indeed, from all parts of the world."

The king set forth and traveled over all India. Everywhere great crowds of people gathered about him, demonstrated their love; and, astonished by the acclamations of joy, love, and devotion, he cried: "Whence come those worshiping throngs of my people? What does it mean? I do not hear the sound of the drum, but only the glad voices and benedictions of my subjects."

"I have distributed the royal treasure," responded the officer. "This is the great drum I promised unto my prince. The beneficence of your majesty is proclaimed by all the inhabitants of your empire, and your praises resound far more than a thousand leagues from the

palace."

The king recognized both the courage and the nobility of the action, and said: "Thou art a brave servitor. Henceforth thou shalt be my prime minister."—Mary Ferguson in the Olive Leaf.

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for September 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and Foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the Treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

MAINE		WISCONSIN	
Newport, High St Church, Mrs. Elizabeth Kinney, for Harmonie in S O	5 00	Madison, Mrs Ellen A Copp for Bengal-Orissa, \$200.00; Bapt Women's Work for Girls in China, \$100.00	300 00
Do Bible Class for child in S O	3 5		
NEW HAMPSHIRE		MISCELLANEOUS	
New Durham, aux, for sustaining fund Helper	20 0	Income:	
MASSACHUSETTS		Babb Fund for work Bengal-Orissa	12 40
Worcester, Florence, Edith and Norman Enman for support of Kusum in S O	10 00	Paige Memorial for child in S O . .	12 50
RHODE ISLAND		Phillips Fund for salary Mrs I M Holder	27 13
Greenville, W M Society, Thank Offering for Bengal-Orissa, Mrs J F A Steere	25 00	"A mother of four" for the Lord's work	5 00
NEW YORK			\$426 53
Pontiac, Miss M E Patten for salary Miss R E Barnes	1 00	Specific gifts from Mrs H C Phillips, for well at Bhipmore care Dr Murphy	75 00
Port Dickinson, Bapt Ch Primary Dpt of S S for Friscilla, S O	5 00		\$501 53
		EDYTH R. PORTER, Treas.	
		47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.	

F. B. W. M. Society Receipts. October 1919.

MAINE

Eustis S. S. for children Sinclair Orphanage	\$3.33
Pittsfield, Mary B. Wingate Fund	12.50
Portland, First F. B. Church W. M. S. for Storer	9.86

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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MICHIGAN

Batavia Aux. for Storer \$1.75; relief work in Bengal-Orissa care of P. J. Clark \$5.00	6.75
West Cambria Mission Band, 5 shares salary Miss E. E. Barnes	20.00

TEXAS

Bryan F. B. Church for Sal'y Mrs. I. Marshall Holder	16.37
Bryan F. B. Ch. "Dew Drop" S. S. Class for Baby Doris ..	1.33
Clayton Ch. for Salary Mrs. Holder	7.00
Liberty Ch. for Salary Mrs. Holder	12.39

MISCELLANEOUS

From Est. Mrs. H. C. Phillips for Sal'y Mrs. Holder	96.42
Income:	
Babb Fund for work Bengal-Orissa	5.71
Dyer Mem'l Fund for child Sinclair Orphanage	7.50
Geer Fund for work Balasore	11.50
Hanson Fund, for Hanson School, Balasore	7.86
Mother Hills Fund, for Widows' Home	10.00
Parker Fund for child S. O.	20.00
Phillips Fund, for Sal'y Mrs. Holder	6.39
Sundry for Storer College	2.50

\$257.41

SPECIFIC:

Laconia, N. H., United Bapt. Ch., Mrs. J. H. Ainger, for Building Fund, Bengal-Orissa	10.00
London, N. H., Mrs. H. F. Adams, Mrs. Lizzie A. Sanborn for Dr. Mary's work in S. O.	6.25

Total	\$273.66
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EDYTH B. PORTER, Treasurer.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give and bequeath the sum of — to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine.

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